





Sometimes we're not all about sex. (Yes, men like blondes, boobs and butts!)
Sometimes we're about some of the things that lead up to sex, like beer, one of America's favorite beverages. Beer quenches thirst, tastes good (to some), goes great with pizza, has been brewed for thousands of years... and has led to millions of sexual encounters.

# MEN LIKE BLONDES, BOOBS, BUTTS, BEER!

## DID YOU KNOW THAT...

According to industry statistics, Americans consume almost 6 1/2 billion gallons of beer a year. That works out to 50 billion pints, which works out to more than 225 pints per person a year (assume America's drinking age population is 2/3 of the total population). That's a lot of beer... to the tune of a 7 billion dollar business just from American brewers alone. Worldwide? Let's just say there's a lot of beer being drunk.



#### **GETTING HEAD...**



Is getting head a good thing or a bad thing? A question often debated by brewers and drinkers alike. Specific elements produce the head include proteins, yeast and the residue

from hops. Carbon dioxide forms the bubbles and is produced during fermentation. Carbonation can occur before or after bottling. If beer continues to ferment in the bottle, then it will carbonate naturally. When you open and pour the beer, bubbles form the head. When the beer is pasteurized or filtered, pressurized gas is infused to create bubbles for carbonation.

We sometimes put too much importance on the heads. Some say too much head detracts from the perceived volume of beer in the glass. But others see a poured glass as incomplete unless there is a head topping it. Breweries spend a lot of money on trying to define and create the perfect foamy topping. Now wouldn't you like to be a researcher in one of those labs?

### THE PARTIER'S CHOICE

Beer has been the choice of party animals on campus ever since there were campuses to party on. And when not on campus, thousands of clubs and bars just off campus provided the libations. The greatest proponents of beer parties for the past generations have been the fraternities and sororities. In addition certain universities have developed reputations for beer guzzling and raucous parties attributed to beer.

Beer has been immortalized in many songs, and a short while ago country music star Toby Keith made the Red Solo Cup into a contemporary music classic. Beer Pong parties are now more common than Twister as the party game of choice on campus and in basements.

## BEER, AN APHRODISIAC?

While wine is often considered a bit of an aphrodisiac, beer can also make that claim. It's not as socially romantic as wine but it can accomplish the same purpose, getting into her pants. Most alcohols help break down inhibitions, and into that category fall sexual inhibitions. What lady hasn't been a little friendlier and more aggressive after a few? Now we're not talking about falling down drunk, but just tipsy enough to fall into your arms. For men, beer provides a filter that makes many women look prettier than they really are. It's called beer goggles. We've all been there!



#### TO DRINK OR NOT TO ...

PENN STATE: Beer's favorite college campus. Number one beer drinking school in the U.S.

BYU: The driest school in the country if you want to get away from the brewskis.















Dexilisting and Angelistin blue. I know I've got a little bit if the devil in me. It's my naughty and sexy side. Most of the time I'm an absolute angel. Just ask my mama. But then I get around a cock and the devil takes over. He nestles on my shoulder telling me to do nasty things. And I do. And I like.















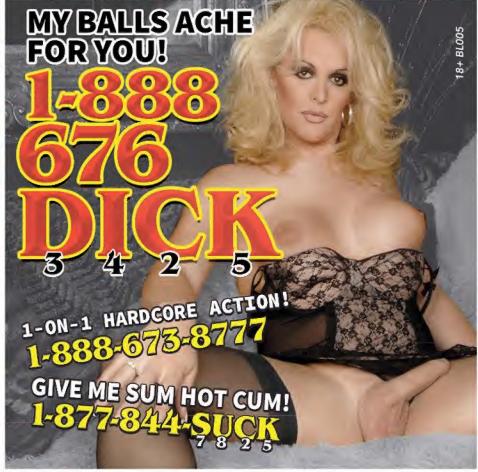




























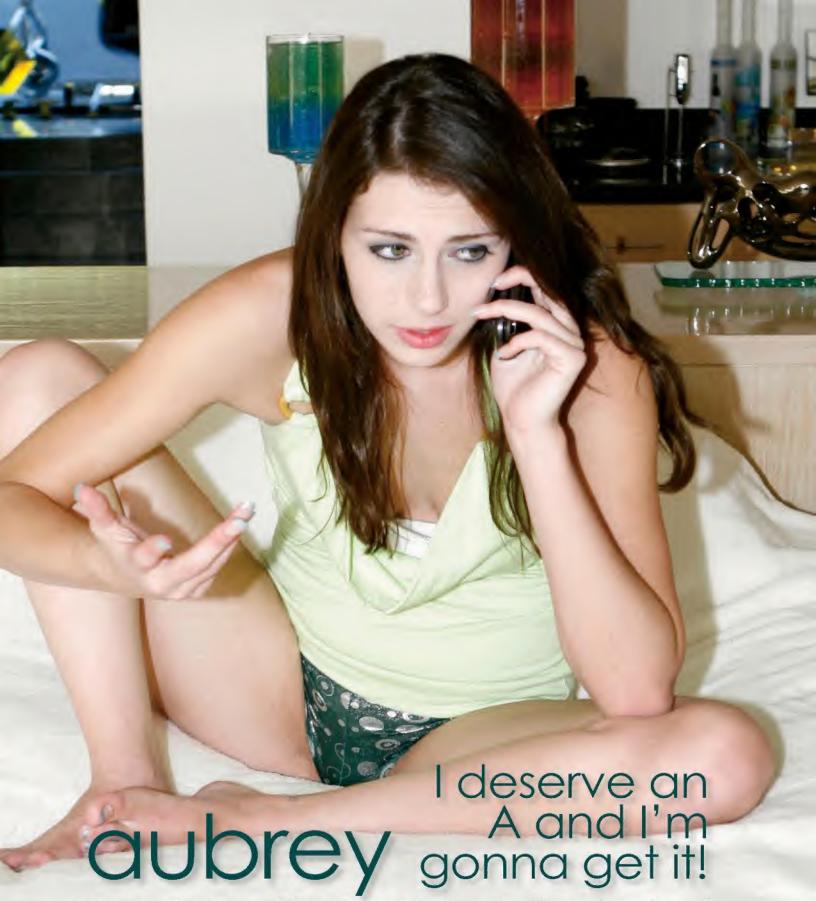












Aubrey is on the phone with her professor trying to convince him to change her grade. He seems reluctant at first but tells her to meet him in his office on campus at five. Aubrey has a date at five, so she decides to go over to his house, walks in through the kitchen door and finds him on the sofa. She pleades her case, first sitting across from him, then on her knees. That's how she got closer to his cock, and how she started to convince him that her grades could go up, like his cock.



















# a secret in my life

Yes, I have thought about cheating. No, I don't have the nerve to do it. Yes, I've talked with my husband about it. No, he would not be okay with it if I did.



I did not know what to do so I did what I could So what's a poor girl to do. I feel stuck in a ten year soulless marriage that I just hang onto for the sake of the kids. I talk to my girlfriends about Herb and they all tell me to get out of our marriage. But I can't. My parents would probably consider me a failure. Surely the office would find out and I couldn't face that. The church I go to would also learn of it and I was not about to commit adultery, in their eyes, and have to live with that fear and guilt. I did get up the courage to speak with my minister in private about my frustration and while he said he understood, he did not offer any advice that I could take to heart. He suggested that I stick with my husband and try to find ways to change him. I don't think that's going to work. He also suggested that maybe we should go on separate vacations for a week and hope that will restore the ardor in our relationship. I don't think my husband would go for that. He'd wonder why we needed separate vacations and that, then, would open up a can of worms.

I finally broke down and tried to talk to my husband about it. Unfortunately he was less receptive to discussing it than I thought. I tried to sugar-coat it, telling him I would try new things with him. I said that I'd fuck him more often, even give him blow jobs every day. He just wasn't interested. Then I asked if he was cheating on me. Well, he went through the roof accusing me of all sorts of things. I was devastated that we couldn't resolve anything, and maybe it just made things even worse. I know, you are probably thinking I should grow some balls and move on. I just can't do that to my family. I do have hope that he'll come around soon and we'll get back to normal. I really feel that if our sex life gets back on track, the rest will fall in place, too. I don't know what to do, so I retreat into my own fantasy world.













#### He crawls up towards my head and straddles my face. Lowering his hips, I want to taste his cock, I want to taste the mix of our love.

I have created my fantasy man and he visits me, and makes love to me whenever I want him to. He never tires, he never refuses me, and above all he leaves when I'm finished with him. His name is Clark. As in Clark Gable, like Clark Kent. He is handsome and he is strong. He listens and he is always there. He makes love to me the way that I want him to.

I lay in bed in my half-sleep. Clark's warm body is next to me and I gently become aware of his strong hands making soft strokes on my back. The heat of his body and the warmth of his hand caress my skin. I feel his warm breath on my neck as he kisses it from my shoulders to my hairline. I moan softly as I reach back and find his hair. I play with it, twirling strands in my fingers. Around my body I feel his arms encircle me, his hands reaching forward to cup one of my breasts, gently kneading, my nipples tightened into stiff peaks. I latch onto his hand, holding it firm as I roll my body to face him. Our lips touch; my tongue softly penetrates his lips. I open my eyes and look deeply into his with streams of love pouring out of them. I tell him he is the love of my life. This raises our body heat and with our eyes locked, he pushes his thighs gently between mine. I open them and hook my leg over his, sensing his manhood arousing.

I feel him separate his body from mine leaving a cool patch where our flesh was touching. He pushes me tenderly onto my back. His lips still kissing my neck, then moving down between my breasts. Upon arrival, he pushes them together as he buries his face between my mounds. The stubble on his chin scratches then stimulates my breasts making my nipples hard. First he takes one nipple into his mouth, then the other and sucks on them, his tongue wetting each with his love. My hands now stroke his dark hair as I push my breast and nipple deeper into his mouth. The feeling of his tongue licking them is sensational, like static charges jumping from his tongue to my flesh and then charging down the length of my body.

He lifts his head from the treasures on my chest and moves downward, making a wet trail straight to my most sensitive of areas. I do not stop him, I want him to hurry but I hold back, letting him take his time and me to pleasure. His tongue reaches it destination and searches over my pussy lips, then between them finding my on switch, and delicately licks my sensitive enlarged button. Uncontrollably, my back arches and my hands grab his hair as my thighs clamp around his head as I buck off the bed. My actions bury my clit deeper into



his mouth. He begins to suck my clit harder and deeper. His long wet tongue flicks and rolls the nub. He pushed my thighs apart, and opened my labia for better access for his conquering tongue. He rolled the tight bud expertly inside his mouth, lapped and pushed his tongue round and round my clit. I almost there. Ecstasy awaits. I wait for it, but it does not wait for me. The build up is excruciating and I love it. I don't want it to stop. I don't want the inevitable – yet. I want to surf in the waves of the big one.

My body cannot stop the locomotive. It's signaling to my brain to let go. It's cumming, I'm cumming. Then I realize that I'm not the one in control. Clark stops suddenly. I grab his head and push it down forcing his mouth back down onto my throbbing knob. Stop resisting, I say in my mind. He pulls back with a loud suction noise popping off my pussy. My pussy cools from his mouth's absence, but it is hotter than ever in anticipation of the next. Clark moves so that when I look up and see his hardness, I cannot help but leave my feelings in limbo and move in to orally adore it. I lick my lips and it doesn't disappoint. It is just inches from me now. I have to have it. It begs for my mouth and tongue without saying a word. It knows exactly what I'm going to do so I reached up and gently move along its length with my



tongue. I smell his manliness and it adds to my ardor. Seven inches later I'm at his balls and suck them – first one, then the other.

His penis is twitching. His hands settle around my head and pulls my mouth to the tip of his cock. I have no choice but to suck it. My moist warm tongue massages the head. It searched for the small opening in the tip and slides in just a touch. I know he doesn't expect it. I want to do what he doesn't expect. He groans loudly. I feel the vibrations in his rock hardness. He holds my head tight and rocks his cock back and forth, in and out of my hungry mouth. My hands move behind him and cress his butt cheeks. They fit firmly in my grasp and I pull them towards me. My lips tighten around his shaft, my tongue rolls inside my mouth caressing every inch

that is inside. He thrusts his cock to the depths of my mouth, hitting the back of my throat. He tastes delicious on my tongue.

My moans are encouraging but Clark pulls out. I watch his stiff cock move away and down between my legs. His large hands grab my ankles and lift them up and out, opening my legs wide, exposing my hot moist slit to him and his anxious cock that's pointing right at it. He dips not one but two fingers inside my tight love tunnel the raises it to his hungry mouth and sucks my juices off from his fingers. He looks at me and tells me how much he likes to taste me. But enough. I want... I whine...

Suddenly, he pushes his cock all the way inside me in one long thrust. My pussy squeezes his rod with joy, making the tunnel tighter and tighter. My pussy feels the entirety of him. It spasms all around him as I'm about to cum again. Clark's hands pinch and pull at my nipples. Then my pussy squeezes him one more time and abruptly, my orgasm bursts forth. My body melts into the flowing river that is Clark. I was no longer in control of my body's actions. I quiver in my ecstasy, and moan loudly in my pleasure.

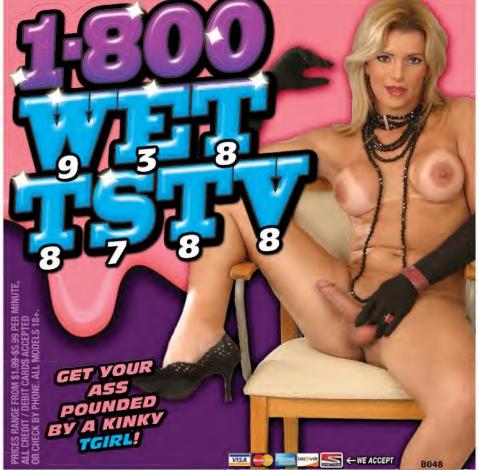
Clark can feel my pussy milking his hardness, willing him to cum inside. At long last, he can no longer hold back. In one long slow push to the depths of my love-canal, he spurts, mingling his cum with my juices. He collapses on me, still inside me, resting his cock between the walls it just fucked. He leans down to kiss me, drops of sweat glistening from his broad chest, falling onto mine. I kiss him back and whisper that I want to taste him. It was not fair to me to leave his cock inside my pussy. He pulls his hips back and his cock flops out of my tunnel. He crawls up towards my head and straddles my face. Lowering his hips, I want to taste his cock. I want to taste the mix of our love. I gently take it with my hand and pull it near my nose. I inhale the sweetness of our union. I lick the tip, the shaft, his balls. I want his sweaty manhood to envelope me in it's sensuous aromas.

Slowly he backs off me and lays by my side. His hands gently rub my body in soft caresses. He snuggles next to me ear and whispers how much he loves making love with me. How much he loves me. How he can never cheat on me. Clark, I only wish you were real.











Jennals at home today. It's very flattering for someone to think of me as 'fuckable' because I think I am. As a matter of fact, I've turned my fuckability into a business that I can take anywhere I like and with whomever I like. I can't say there are too many ladies out there that can say the same.























































































































































## There're only two rules this his gonna

I got married quite young and it's been ten not-so-wonderful years. Now, my husband decided that he was more into guys than into me. So I'm alone now, except for my job and some friends. In order to help pay bills, and have some company, my best girlfriend, Paula, has moved in to one of the other bedrooms. She lost her man a couple years ago and her place was too big for her and her son, David. For the summer, her son's staying here at the house. He's 21, third year in college, and I think she's done a good job of raising him the last two years without a father figure around. For the past week and into the next two. Paula's been out of town training managers for her company in Houston, so it's me and David and 90 days of summer left.

As for me, both Paula and David think I look more like a co-ed than a divorcee. I'm about 5' 7", and very slender, with nice breasts and a firm bottom (thanks to a job where I'm on my feet most of the time). I wear my shoulder-length blonde hair in a ponytail most of the time, rarely wear makeup except if I'm going out on a date, and usually wear what college-age girls wear when I'm not at work. I'm not trying to be a teen, just trying to hang on to the good years I have left.

David has some college friends that have visited on and off this summer. They come, they go. It's like a revolving door of testosterone-infused jocks around here. It's not unusual for me to walk into a house full of young collegians of both sexes. Most of them have known me for a while now, but every once in a while a young man will hit on me like I was a co-ed as I walk in the house. David usually comes to my rescue, explaining it's my house. We laugh and he calls me the 'House Mom' whenever this happens, and the result is a very embarrassed young man. I always tell them not to let it bother them, that I find it flattering. And I do. In fact, sometimes his friends are quite attractive.

A few weeks ago, I had started making dinner on a Saturday afternoon when there was a knock at the kitchen door. I answered the door and found an extremely handsome guy standing on the other side of it. He was about six feet tall, a little taller than David, quite muscularly built, and had piercing dark eyes and strong masculine features; in short, he was the dictionary definition of Adonis.

"Is this the Miller house?" he asked tentatively. "Yes, it is. May I help you?" I asked, figuring he was probably a friend of David's. "Yeah, is David home?" he asked.

"Come on in." I said. He just stood there in the doorway looking at me. "Please, come in." I reached out and took the young man's hand and led him into the kitchen. "What's your this MILF's gonna sow her wild oats, again.



name, dearie?"

"Oh, me? I'm Clay," he said.

"David! Clay is here!" I called out of the kitchen into the house. "He'll be with you in a second, Clay. I'm just cooking dinner. Have you eaten yet?" He grunted something that sounded like yes, so I continued on with my preparations.

As I cooked, I could feel Clay's eyes checking me out. I was wearing a Tshirt, jeans and sandals, not particu larly alluring, but he seemed to be quite taken anyway by me. I tried to engage him in some small talk, and got the usual one-word answers one normally gets from a young guy. I decided not to press the issue any further and went back to cooking.

David bounded into the kitchen. "Hey, Clay, what's going on, dude?" he said.

"Ready to game?" asked Clay.

"I gotta eat first. Dinner ready Paula?" said David.

"All set," I said and put the plates on the table. "Clay, are you sure you don't want something?"

"That's okay, Mrs. Miller. May I use your bathroom, please?" he said.

"Yes Clay, it's right down the hall." I said and Clay disappeared down the hall and I heard the door close.

"He seems really nice, David, but a little quiet..." I said.

We were well into our meal by the time Clay came out of the bathroom. He sat down next to David and just looked at me, then looked down at the table and rocked back and forth. David gulped his soda down, then said, "We're gone. Come on Clay." I warned him, "Remember, David, please get back to the house by midnight!" I said.

"Of course." he replied.

"It was nice meeting you, Clay," I said as he looked at me, smiled and nodded, then turned and walked out of the house with David.

Something told me to check the

bathroom; I was concerned that Clay might be on drugs or something. I walked in and turned on the light, and searched all over for signs of any residue. None. I opened the clothes hamper just on a guess and looked in, and noticed that the black silk French cut bikini panties that I had worn on Monday were lying on top of the dirty clothes. That's odd, I said, and picked them up. The slightly bleachy smell gave me what I was looking for; pulling the waistband open, I found a load of sticky semen, fresh out of Clay's cock.

He had been jerking off into my panties while David and I were eating. I didn't know what to think but I felt hot as I imagined him in the bathroom, dreaming of me, rubbing his cock with my panties, and suddenly I found myself totally turned on by it. I started fantasizing about him, swallowing every drop of his load. It was a taste that I had nearly forgotten, a feeling that I hadn't felt in a long time, the feeling of being wanted, desired, needed that goes along with sex.

"Paula," David said as we sat at breakfast a couple of days later, "Clay and I were thinking about going to the concert on Friday at the Auditorium."

"Sure, sweetheart, it sounds like fun," I answered, "Maybe I'll go with you guys."

"What?....."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, I was just kidding. Go – have a good time."

"Can Clay spend the night then?"

"Sure, why not?" I responded. Inside, my guts turned to mush as I

thought of this young man sleeping in my home, being just a

couple of rooms away, wanting me.

David and Clay came back from the concert about 11:30 and sat chatting at the kitchen table. I was dressed as though I had come home from a date, wearing a silk blouse, short skirt, black stockings and high heels, perfume, makeup and earrings. Clay had told me that he thought I looked really nice several hours before as they were leaving for the concert. He's had a few hours to think about me now, and I was interested to see what he might do.

We all talked for a while and retired about one in the morning. I went to my room and put on a sheer night-

gown with tiny matching panties and laid down. My room has a door into the bathroom, so I would know when anyone goes in. At about 1:30, I heard David snoring, and heard footsteps coming down the hall from the other direction. I could hear the bathroom door close and the light flick on. I decided to go to the door and looked through the keyhole.

Clay was sitting on the toilet seat cover, looking through the clothes hamper. I had left a particularly sexy pair of panties in there for him, and he found them with very little effort. He lay them on the sink, then stood up and lowered his boxers. My mouth dropped as I saw his erect cock. He was better hung than most of the men I had been with in my life. I knew right then and there I would have to have it.

I ran my fingers over his muscular body; he was quite a specimen and I told him so. "I work out," he said, somewhat proudly.



I turned the knob and walked in, smiling my sexiest smile for him. His eyes flew open and my panties dropped to the floor. He started to say something, but I shushed him and knelt on the floor in front of him. "Wouldn't you rather have the real thing?" I cooed. I looked him right in the eyes as I licked my lips, then gripped his cock at the base and licked it from bottom to top. A bit of precum was oozing from the tip; I tongued it off and smiled, then stood, taking his hands as I did, and pulled him into the bedroom.

"Clay, I have two rules," I whispered. "The first one is that David is NEVER to find out about this. NO talking about it in school, no telling your friends about it, NOTHING! This is our secret."

"Yes, Mrs. Miller," he said, no doubt a little embarrassed and still shy. "What's the second rule?"

"In this room, in this bed, my name is Goldie." I smiled at him in the half-darkness and wrapped my arms around his neck. I pressed my open mouth against his and sucked his tongue into my mouth. He kissed pretty well for a shy boy, and as I ran my fingers through his hair, he reached up and began to caress my breasts. I ran my hands over his muscular body; he was quite a specimen and I told him so. "I work out," he said, somewhat proudly.

"Do you lift weights with your cock, sweetheart?" I asked him devilishly, and wrapped my hand around it, stroking it up and down. He started to laugh, but I quieted him. He pushed me back on the bed, lying on top of me. "I want you, Goldie," he growled, and I could feel his big cock pressed up against my pussy through my panties. He would be halfway into me already if I wasn't wearing them, as hard as he was and as wet as I was.

I reached down with both hands, pulling the crotch of my panties aside with one hand and catching hold of his cock with the other. "Fuck me, Clay," I said as I guided him into me. He slid into me with one long push. "Slow down, honey! I want this to last."

Clay began to pump me slowly and was really grinding deep. I never felt so totally filled up as I did with this young man's cock, and it was bringing me close to the brink. I grabbed a pillow and bit it as my orgasm ripped through me, then I noticed him bury his face into the pillow beside me and grunt as his cum poured into me. We lay in the dark, kissing, with his cock still hard inside me. "Clay, honey, you'd better get back to your bed."

"I want you to suck me first, Goldie," he said, and slipped out of me. He straddled me with his cock right in my face. I opened my mouth and took it in. Clay put his hand behind my head and guided me back and forth as I sucked him. Five minutes later, he sprayed the back of my throat with his cum.

Clay was gone before I got up the next morning, but I was sure to see him again because I know how young men think after getting pussy. They're like bloodhounds to the smell.









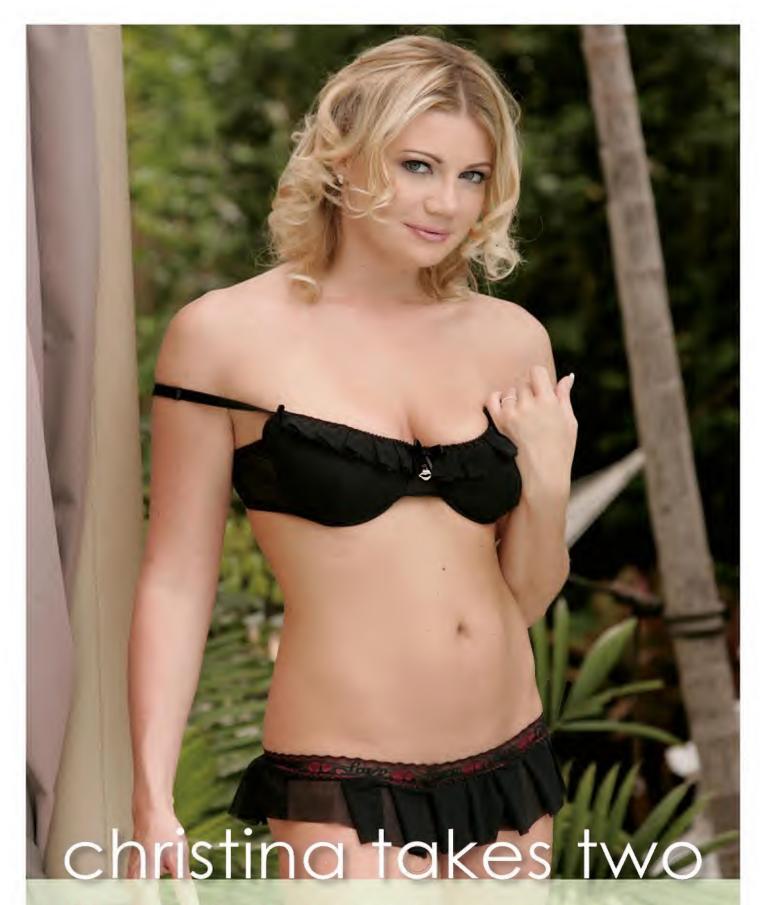












Christing says this going to be a hot one. But what I really mean is that it's going to be hot with two. I recently moved to the area and don't know anyone here. Then I met these two guys and they helped me move, but I didn't have enough to pay them. So we worked something else out.





































Nothing beats
HORNY MILF Group Sex!
1:800:9154-0164







